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To Her Living Vessel

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Wanderlust

by Matthew Kovich

Enthralled by thought-dominoes (and now I'm
full-grown), my mores and need-tos become less
and lessers next to watching you undress
in my mind, and I would squeeze space and time
to be in my mind, alone (with you). Now
I threaten to bust through my walls, my good
judgement, and my pants; there's nothing but me
wanting for my hands to visit places
where no one knows they've been, and our faces
on neck and skin and hill and mouth and tree
and oh my God, the things I would and could
if circumstance let space and time allow.

Until these aching reveries come true,
I'll beat myself to death (and think of you).

To Her Living Vessel

by Matthew Kovich

The trees, the blooms, the sunlight, and
The majesty of dawn
The honesty of Nature and
Her simple, timeless song

Her truth makes other beauties faint
Her truth, in you, recalls
Unshrouded by the liar's paint
Untainted by the false

You're strong and passionate and true
Yet fragile, just the same
As gentle as the morning dew
As fierce as any flame

You are the sweetest harmony
Wrought from the primal chord
And Nature chose for you to be
Where beauty shall be stored

Of all the loveliness yet bred
That reaches to one's heart -
A human creature, unclouded,
Is Nature's finest art.